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Running Short



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Chapter 1 by Abi K.B

/Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock./

/My time was slowly dying away, second by second I was losing a precious part of the night. This was the start of the end of my life./

I don't want to go to work today, it's the worst day to. Our manager retired last week and our new boss is a full-on asshole. he doesn't care about us, only the money. We've all planned to go on strike but what will that do except get us fired. Working In a bar was possibly the worst job I could get, but it was the only one. I mean, it did get me my first girlfriend so... I guess it has its pros + cons. Anyway, things have been getting weird at that place too. For instance all the happy, cheerful people are now mostly depressed, and many people who regularly came here are reported either missing or killed via suicide. Hell, even Jordan, the barman was found dead in his apartment via suicide. It's getting creepy to be honest. Oh, my phone's ringing. "Abi, listen we need you here now! We need a barmaid, Jason hasn't come to work." You've got to be... ugh, I guess it's a must... I have a date with Hope after this, and i wan't to not smell like sweat and/or beer for it.

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